THE

Murtherer Juſtly Condemned,

OR,

An Account of *George Feaſt*, a Butcher of *Shoreditch*, being found Guilty at the Seſſions-Houſe in the *Old Baily*, for the Barbarous bloody Murther of his Wife, by ſtabbing her in the Belly, in *Leaden-Hall* Market, on the 5*th*. of *May*, 1697. Of which Wound ſhe immediately Dyed, alſo ſome Account of his Penitent Behaviour in *Newgate*.

To the Tune of, *Packingtons Pound*. With Allowance.

COme liſten a while and a Story you'll hear,
That will ſtrike you with dread Amazement & fear
'Tis of a vile Butcher which with bloody Knife,
Without all compaſſion did murther his wife,
In Leaden-Hall Market, who came to reclaim,
Him from his Debauchrys and life of ill fame:
Then let all be warn'd how they raſhly proceed,
Leaſt trouble and anguiſh for them be decreed.

He had been long abſent which made her ſuſpect,
Both her and his huſſies he did much neglect,
Which put her in paſſion, that ſtreigheway ſhe went,
To know by this uſuage what to her he meant,
In Leaden-Hall Market ſhe found him, and there
The cauſe of her grief ſhe did freely declare:
Then let all be warn'd how they raſhly proceed,
Leſt trouble and anguiſh for them be decreed.

Though juſtly reproved, yet ſo Angry he grew,
That at her with violence his Knife he then threw;
But that little Harming, I Tremble to tell ye,
He took it and Struck it full Deep in her Belly,
At which ſhe Shrick'd and Cry'd out, Oh! I'm Dead
But he ſought not to Fly, o're-come with the Dread:
Then let all be warn'd how they raſhly proceed,
Leaſt trouble and anguiſh for them be decreed.

Being ſeiz'd for this Crime he's Committed to Goal,
As for Murder we know it admits of no Bail;
And coming to Tryal, Not Guilty did plead,
But plainly 'twas prov'd that he did the ſad deed,
Could not deny that he gave her the Wound,
And therefore of Murder he Guilty was found:
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This startled him sore, for though unconcern'd he,
Could kill his dear wife, yet now death he did see,
Was so near approaching him as his sad doom,
He trembled for fear of the judgment to come:
To Newgate he then was in Irons convey'd,
Where piteous sighs and laments he then made:
Then let all be warn'd how they rashly proceed,
least trouble and anguish for them be decreed.
He fancys her blood loud for vengeance doth cry,
Whom he caus'd on so slight an occasion to dye;
Or that all pale her sad Ghost does appear,
Which fills him with horrour, amazement, and fear,
Laments and sad Groans now him company keep,
And Dreams affrighting disorder his sleep,
Then let all be warn'd, &c.
Blood guiltiness heavy now on him doth lye.
And makes him to sigh, and to sob, and to cry,
O that his dear wife he had never thus us'd,
Whom often, 'tis plain, he before had abus'd,
Because she would tell him of his wicked life,
And give him good Counsel like a loving wife:
Then let all be warn'd, &c.
His Drunken Debauchries now swarm in his mind,
And how he to her and himself was unkind,
By spending his money so idley on those,
That Lewdly had brought him to trouble and woes,
And though for Repentance it is not too late,
Yet death now looks terrible on lifes short date,
Then let all be warn'd &c.
And Conscience cryes loudly still urging the guilt,
Of the Innocent blood that he causelesly spilt,
He owns his Rash folly and grieves for to find,
Himself cou'd be cruel to her that was kind,
But no sparing mercy in reason can crave
Who with bloody Knife sent his Wife to her Grave,
Then let all be warn'd, &c.
Thus let all Rash men well consider his fall,
How innocence loudly for Vengeance do's call,
And govern their passions that bring them to shame,
For which when too late they themselves do much blame
Consider how Rashness brings troubles and fears,
Shame, Ruin, and death, it oft for them prepares,
Then let all be warn'd how they rashly proceed,
Least trouble and anguish for them be decreed.

Printed for John Foller, at the Grey-Hound, near the Noah's Ark Tavern, over-against Vine-street St. Giles's in the Fields.